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The Pope's Encyclical Letter

(Official Translation.)

POPE BENEDICT XV.

To Our Venerable Brethren the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries in Peace and in Communion with the Apostolic See.

Venerable Brethren Greeting and Apostolic Benediction: Raised by the inscrutable counsel of Divine Providence without any merit of our own to the Chair of the Prince of the Apostles, We hearkened to these words of Christ Our Lord addressed to Peter, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep" (John xxii, 15-17) as spoken to Ourselves, and at once with affectionate love we cast our eyes over the flock committed to our care—a numberless flock indeed, comprising in different ways the whole human race. For the whole of mankind was freed from the slavery of sin by the shedding of the blood of Jesus Christ as their ransom, and there is no one who is excluded from the benefit of this Redemption: hence the Divine Pastor has one part of the human race already happily sheltered within the fold, the others He declares He will lovingly urge to enter therein: "and other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice" (John x. 16).

We made no secret, Venerable Brethren, that the first sentiment we felt in our heart prompted certainly by the goodness of God, was the inexpressible yearning of a loving desire for the salvation of all mankind, and in assuming the Pontificate our sincere wish was that of Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, when about to die on the Cross: "Holy Father, keep them in Thy name, whom Thou hast given me" (John xvii. 11).

The War.

But as soon as We were able from the height of Apostolic dignity to survey at a glance the course of human affairs, our eyes were met by the sad conditions of human society, and we could not but be filled with bitter sorrow. For what could prevent the soul of the common Father of all being most deeply distressed by the spectacle presented by Europe, nay, by the whole world, perhaps the saddest and most mournful spectacle of which there is any record. Certainly those days would seem to have come upon us of which Christ Our Lord foretold: "You shall hear of wars and rumors of wars—for nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom" (Matt. xxiv, 6, 7). On every side the dread phantom of war holds sway; there is scarce room for another thought in the minds of men. The combatants are the greatest and wealthiests nations of the earth; what wonder, then, if, well provided with the most awful

weapons modern military science has devised, they strive to destroy one another with refinements of horror. There is no limit to the measure of ruin and of slaughter; day by day the earth is drenched with newly-shed blood, and is covered with the bodies of the wounded and of the slain. Who would imagine as we see them thus filled with hatred of one another, that they are all of one common stock, all of the same nature, all members of the same human society? Who would recognize brothers, whose Father is in Heaven? Yet, while with numberless troops the furious battle is engaged, the sad cohorts of war, sorrow and distress swoop down upon every city and every home; day by day the mighty number of widows and orphans increases, and with the interruption of communications, trade is at a standstill; agriculture is abandoned; the arts are reduced to inactivity; the wealthy are in difficulties; the poor are reduced to abject misery; all are in distress.

Moved by these great evils, we thought it our duty, at the very outset of our Supreme Pontificate, to recall the last words of our Predecessor, of illustrious and holy memory, and by repeating them once more to begin our own Apostolic Ministry; and we implored Kings and rulers to consider the floods of tears and of blood already poured out, and to hasten to restore to the nations the blessings of peace. God grant by His mercy and blessing, that the glad tidings the Angels brought at the birth of the divine Redeemer of mankind may soon echo forth as we His Vicar enter upon His Work: "on earth peace to men of good will" (Luke ii. 14). We implore those in whose hands are placed the fortunes of nations to hearken to Our voice. Surely there are other ways and means whereby violated rights can be rectified. Let them be tried honestly and with good will, and let arms meanwhile be laid aside. It is impelled with love of them and of all mankind, without any personal interest whatever, that We utter these words. Let them not allow these words of a friend and of a father to be uttered in vain.

The Unrest in Society.

But it is not the present sanguinary strife alone that distresses the nations and fills Us with anxiety and care. There is another evil raging in the very inmost heart of human society, a source of dread to all who really think, inasmuch as it has already brought, and will bring, many misfortunes upon nations, and may rightly be considered to be the root cause of the present awful war. For ever since the precepts and practices of Christian wisdom ceased to be observed in the ruling of states, it followed that, as they contained the peace and stability of institutions, the very foundations of states necessarily began to be shaken. Such, moreover, has been the change in the ideas and the morals of men, that unless God comes soon to our help, the end of

civilization would seem to be at hand. Thus we see the absence from the relation of men of mutual love with their fellow men; the authority of rulers is held in contempt; injustice reigns in relations between the classes of society; the striving for transient and perishable things is so keen, that men have lost sight of the other and more worthy goods they have to obtain. It is under these four headings that may be grouped. We consider the causes of the serious unrest pervading the whole of human society. All then must combine to get rid of them, by again bringing Christian principles into honor, if We have any real desire for the peace and harmony of human society.

Absence of Mutal Love.

Our Lord Jesus Christ came down from Heaven for the very purpose of restoring amongst men the Kingdom of Peace, which the envy of the devil had destroyed, and it was His will that it should rest on no other foundation than that of brotherly love. These are His own oft-repeated words: "A new commandment I give unto you: That you love one another" (John xiv. 34); "This is my commandment that you love one another" (John xv. 12); "These things I command you, that you love one another" (John xv. 17); as though His one office and purpose was to bring men to mutual love. He used every kind of argument to bring about that effect. He bids us all look up to Heaven: "For one is your Father who is in Heaven" (Matt. xxiii. 9); He teaches all men, without distinction of nationality or of language, or of ideas, to pray in the words: "Our Father, who art in Heaven" (Matt. vi. 9); nay, more, He tells us that our Heavenly Father in distributing the blessings of nature makes no distinction of our deserts: "Who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust" (Matt. v. 45). He bids us be brothers one to another, and calls us His brethren: "All you are brethren" (Matt. xxiii. 8); "that He might be the first-born amongst many brethren" (Rom. vii. 29). In order the more to stimulate us to brotherly love, even towards those whom our natural pride despises, it is His will that we should recognize the dignity of His own very self in the meanest of men: "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me" (Matt. xxxv. 40). At the close of His life did He not most earnestly beg of His Father, that as many as should believe in Him should all be one in the bond of charity? "As thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee" (John xvii. 21). And finally, as He was hanging from the cross, He poured out His blood over us all, whence being as it were compacted and fitly joined together in one body, we should love one another, with a love like that which one member bears to another in the same body.

Far different from this is the behavior of men today. Never perhaps was there more talking about the brotherhood of men than there is today; in fact, men do not hesitate to proclaim that striving after brotherhood is one of the greatest gifts of modern civilization, ignoring the teaching of the Gospel, and setting aside the work of Christ and His Church. But in reality never was there less brotherly activity amongst men than at the present moment. Race hatred has reached its climax; peoples are more divided by jealousies than by frontiers; within one and the same nation, within the same city there rages the burning envy of class against class; and amongst individuals it is self-love which is the supreme law over-ruling everything.

You see, Venerable Brethren, how necessary it is to strive in every possible way that the charity of Jesus Christ should once more rule supreme amongst men. That will ever be our own aim; that will be the keynote of Our Pontificate. And We exhort you to make that also the end of your endeavors. Let us never cease from re-echoing in the ears of men and setting forth in our acts, that saying of St. John: "Let us love one another" (I. J iii. 23). Noble, indeed, and praiseworthy are the manifold philanthropic institutions of our day; but it is when they contribute to stimulate true love of God and of our neighbors in the hearts of men, that they are found to confer a lasting advantage; if they do not do so, they are of no real value, for "he that loveth not, abideth in death" (I. John iii. 14).

Contempt of Authority.

The second cause of the general unrest we declare to be the absence of respect for the authority of those who exercise ruling powers. Ever since the source of human powers has been sought apart from God the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, in the free will of men, the bonds of duty, which should exist between superior and inferior, have been so weakened as almost to have ceased to exist. The unrestrained striving after independence, together with overweening pride, has little by little found its way everywhere; it has not even spared the home, although the natural origin of the ruling power in the family is as clear as the noonday sun; nay, more deplorable still, it has not stopped at the steps of the sanctuary. Hence come contempt for laws, insubordination of the masses, wanton criticism of orders issued, hence innumerable ways of undermining authority; hence, too, the terrible crimes of men who, claiming to be bound by no laws, do not hesitate to attack the property or the lives of their fellow men.

In presence of such perversity of thought and of action, subversive of the very constitution of human society, it would not be right for Us, to whom is divinely committed the teaching of the truth, to keep silence: and We remind the peoples of the

earth of that doctrine, which no human opinions can change: "There is no power but from God: and those that are ordained of God" (Rom. xiii. I.) Whatever power then is exercised amongst men, whether that of the king or that of an inferior authority, it has its origin from God. Hence St. Paul lays down the obligation of obeying the commands of those in authority, not in any kind of way, but religiously, that is conscientiously—unless their commands are against the laws of God: "Wherefore be not subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake" (Rom. xiii. 5). In harmony with the words of St. Paul are the words of the Prince of the Apostles himself: "'Be ye subject to every human creature for God's sake: whether it be the King as excelling, or to governors as sent by him" (I. Peter ii. 13-14). From which principle the Apostle of the Gentiles infers that he who contumaciously resists the legitimate exercise of human authority, resists God and is preparing for himself eternal punishment: "Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation" (Rom. xiii. 2).

Let the Princes and Rulers of peoples remember this truth, and let them consider whether it is a prudent and safe idea for governments or for states to separate themselves from the holy religion of Jesus Christ, from which their authority receives such strength and support. Let them consider again and again, whether it is a measure of political wisdom to seek to divorce the teaching of the Gospel and of the Church from the ruling of a country and from the public education of the young. Sad experience proves that human authority fails where religion is set aside. The fate of our first parent after the Fall is wont to come also upon nations. As in his case, no sooner had his will turned from God than his unchained passions rejected the sway of the will; so, too, when the rulers of nations despise divine authority, in their turn the people is wont to despise their human authority. There remains, of course, the expedient of using force to repress popular risings; but what is the result? Force can repress the body, but it cannot repress the souls of men.

The Classes and the Masses.

When the twofold principle of cohesion of the whole body of society has been weakened, that is to say, the union of the members with one another by mutual charity and their union with their head by their dutiful recognition of authority, is it to be wondered at, Venerable Brethren, that human society should be seen to be divided as it were into two hostile armies bitterly and ceaselessly at strife? Drawn up against those who possess property, whether by inheritance or by industry,

stand the proletariate and the workers, inflamed with hatred and envy, because, although they are by nature the same, they do not occupy the same position as the others. Once they have been imbued with the fallacies of the agitators, to whose behests they are most docile, who will ever make them see that it does not follow that because men are equal by their nature, they must all occupy an equal place in the community? And further, who will ever make them see that the position of each one is that which each by use of his natural gifts—unless prevented by force of circumstances—is able to make for himself? And so the poor who strive against the rich as though they had taken part of the goods of others, not merely act contrary to justice and charity, but also act irrationally, particularly as they themselves by honest industry can improve their fortunes if they choose. It is not necessary to enumerate the many consequences, not less disastrous for the individual than for the community, which follow from this class hatred. We all see and deplore the frequency of strikes, which suddenly interrupt the course of city and of national life in their most necessary functions, we see hostile gatherings and tumultuous crowds, and it not infrequently happens that weapons are used and human blood is spilled.

It is not our intention here to repeat the arguments which clearly expose the errors of Socialism and of similar doctrines. Our predecessor, Leo XIII., most wisely did so in truly memorable Encyclicals; and you, Venerable Brethren, will take the greatest care that those grave precepts are never forgotten, but that whenever circumstances call for it, they should be clearly expounded and inculcated in Catholic associations and congresses, in sermons and in the Catholic press. But more especially—and We do not hesitate to repeat it—by the help of every argument, supplied by the Gospels or by the nature of man himself, or by the consideration of the interests of the individual and of the community, let us strive to exhort all men, that in virtue of the divine law of charity they should love one another with brotherly love. Brotherly love is not calculated to get rid of the differences of conditions and therefore of classes—a result which is just as impossible as that in the living body all the members should have the same functions and dignity—but it will bring it to pass that those who occupy higher positions will in some way bring themselves down to those in a lower position, and treat them not only justly, for it is only right that they should, but kindly and in a friendly and patient spirit, and the poor on their side will rejoice in their prosperity and rely confidently on their help—even as the younger son of a family relies on the help and protection of his elder brother.

(To be concluded.)

DIOCESAN CHRONOLOGY FOR DECEMBER

Dec. 1-8. Novena and Mission for women in honor of the Immaculate Conception, Patronal Feast of the Cathedral, Diocese and the United States. From two to three thousand women every night and morning.
Preacher, Rev. John B. Leary, a Redemptorist Father.

3. Rev. J. B. Sekenger assigned to St. Patrick's, Lewiston: Rev. Joseph Sullivan to St. Joseph's, Oldtown: Rev. R. Keenan to St. Dominic's, Portland: Rev. Jos. Savage to St. Dominic's, Portland.

4. Visit to Springvale, inspection of new property. First Friday of each month to be "Donation Day" for the Charitable Institutions in Portland.

8. Feast of the Immaculate Conception: Solemn Closing of the Novena at Cathedral, 7.30 P. M.

12. Visit to Beddeford, inspection of new property at Saco.

15. Visit to Rt. Rev. Bishop Guertin of Manchester.

19. Ordination of two priests for the Diocese, at Montreal, Rev. Fr. Mullen of St. Mary's parish, Biddeford, and Rev. Fr. Giguerre of St. Peter's, Lewiston.

22. Visit of Bishop to the children of the Cathedral and St. Dominic's Schools and of the Catholic Institute. Schools closed until Jan. 4.

23. Anniversary of the ordination of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, thirty-two years ago.

24. Visit to Convent at Deering.

'25. Christmas Day. Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered in new Chapel at Patten for the first time.

28. Rev. Fr. Joncas transferred from Westbrook to St. Agatha, Madawaska, to be assistant in Parish and Chaplain at Convent and Academy. Fr. Mullen assigned to St. Dominic's, Portland: Fr. Giguerre to Westbrook. Fr. John Driscoll assigned to St. Bernard's, Rockland. Rev. James Gorman granted leave of absence to March 1.

31. Special Holy Hour and Te Deum in all the parish Churches. Thanksgiving for closing year and prayer for a

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Advent Collection

$5000.00

$1000.00,	Catholic University.
2000.00,	Belgian sufferers-to Card. Mercier.
500.00,	France sufferers
500.00,	Italy sufferers
500.00,	Mexico sufferers
500.00,	Poland sufferers

Diocesan Collections

1914

	Lenten	Holy Father	Advent
Portland, Cathedral	$206 20	$345 00	$451 61
St. Dominic's	183 00	232 00	306 25
Sacred Heart	60 00	68 00	150 00
St. Joseph's	40 00	45 00	42 50
St. Peter's	22 75		15 00
Holy Cross			40 00
Auburn	67 85	50 05	50 00
Augusta, St. Augustine's	13 04	17 40	25 00
St. Mary's	40 00	35 00	59 00
Bangor, St. John's	65 00	108 00	127 25
St. Mary's	121 00	150 00	200 00
Bath	48 28	55 00	55 00
Belfast	10 00	15 00	
Benedicta	8 25	25 00	20 00
Biddeford, St. Mary's	100 00	173 72	140 00
St. Joseph's	20 00	100 00	96 79
St. Andrew's	36 00	71 00	301 25
Brunswick	26 50	63 00	95 70
Calais	26 20	45 00	50 00
Caribou	11 51	17 43	25 97
Chisholm	13 75	16 00	50 00
Daigle	2 00	10 25	12 00
Dexter	13 50	13 25	16 35
Eagle Lake	5 00	9 08	12 00
Eastport	67 23	122 41	123 30
Ellsworth	10 00	30 00	20 00
Fairfield	17 00	16 00	22 20
Farmington	5 25	20 00	15 00
Fort Fairfield	3 00	20 00	23 47
Fort Kent	40 00	30 00	50 00
Gardiner	36 72	43 11	90 00
Hallowell	19 90	22 50	35 39
Houlton	26 00	77 61	109 75
Jackman	10 00	14 00	30 00
Greenville	4 00		
Kennebunk	9 00	57 00	14 00
Kingman	2 10	10 20	12 00
Lewiston, St. Joseph's	70 00	76 00	154 00
St. Peter's	42 56	68 90	81 21
St. Patrick's	100 00	165 00	180 00
St. Mary's	22 00	61 00	106 00

	Lenten	Holy Father	Advent
Lisbon	22 00	23 00	21 24
Lisbon Falls			8 00
Lower Grand Isle	10 00	14 50	23 00
Lubec	7 50	7 00	8 00
Machias	5 79	15 72	15 60
Madison	17 80	21 00	22 00
Millinocket	30 25	51 30	50 45
East Millinocket	4 00	9 00	11 00
Dover	6 00	5 00	5 00
North Lyndon	10 00	29 50	60 65
North Whitefield	6 00	17 10	13 50
Oldtown	47 65	70 40	60 00
Orono	30 00	41 83	57 60
Presque Isle	8 00	9 00	28 00
Rockland	28 00	64 00	65 00
Rumford, St. John's	48 65	60 75	40 00
St. Athanasius'	25 00	83 50	55 00
St. Agatha	13 00	15 00	35 00
St. David	7 53	17 57	25 00
St. Francis'	3 00	4 00	6 00
Sanford	72 32	64 16	120 21
Sheridan	4 17	5 75	20 50
Skowhegan	41 68	51 28	70 58
South Berwick	26 32	61 96	55 73
South Brewer	24 50	50 00	25 00
Springvale	12 00	15 41	12 33
Upper Frenchville	12 25	23 41	35 26
Van Buren	22 50	54 50	94 00
Wallagrass	6 00	9 15	22 00
Waterville, St. Francis'	51 00	75 00	165 00
Sacred Heart	75 00	50 00	50 00
Notre Dame	15 00	32 25	101 46
Westbrook	120 00	150 00	144 00
Winn			10 00
Winterport	6 00	6 10	6 00
Yarmouthville	5 83	13 00	12 00
South Paris		5 00	4 00
Winthrop	4 58	14 40	14 45
Woodland	8 85	17 90	6 93
Bar Harbor	11 03	72 15	31 25
North Vassalboro	8 75	17 00	12 75
	$2482 54	$3850 75	$5061 62

Holy Name Celebrations

Consoling results have again followed the various Holy Name celebrations held in the different parishes of the Diocese of Portland.

The largest demonstration took place in Portland, where the Catholic men of the city assembled and went in procession to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception where they were eloquently addressed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, Louis S. Walsh, D. D.

The observance of Holy Name day was general in about all the Catholic churches of the State of Maine where considering our widely scattered population and the rigors of our winter season, very encouraging attendance seems to have been the rule, and even though our conditions are not so promising as those in the neighboring dioceses, yet the outpourings of our Catholic men of every age admitted of a most favorable comparison.

There is no doubt but that the Holy Name Society has a great field and a great work to perform, and should our Catholic manhood attain that high ideal of Christian life brought about by the restoration of that respect due adorable name of our Most Blessed Redeemer, wonders will have been performed.

We are face to face with the fact that the Name of Him at whose mention every knee should bend, is not at all respected as it should be even among many of our Catholic people who have certainly been taught its value. That such conditions should exist without the Church among those whose opportunities have at most been few for knowing the Truth, is not surprising, even though regrettable but when we hear this reviling of the ever adorable Name so common in the world today, coming forth from the lips of our consecrated Christian men, we cannot but feel how shocking and inexcusable is the shameful habit of cursing and swearing, and we are led to pray Almighty God to so inspire and increase the zeal of our Holy Name men, that they may both by word and example increase in an unbelieving world that love and respect for the name of the Creator which is and should always be the object of man's greatest efforts while dwelling in this vale of tears.

An Afternoon in the "Old Mission"

Christmas of 187— had on the whole been a very pleasant one for Father James. Prosperity and good traveling had enabled many of his old time parishioners to spend the day with the loved ones at home; his congregation was in consequence larger than usual, and he had the pleasure of seeing many who had grown dear to him through parish associations of long years, gladdened by the recital of the oft told story of the Saviour's birth. It was his custom to get about among his people as soon as possible following the Christmas festival. He perhaps wished to meet the various members of the families that had come home to spend a few days, to have a heart to heart talk with those who were struggling on a best they could amid the trials and temptation of the great city, to give that advice which after all could come from none with better grace than from their old pastor, or perhaps it was to mingle with them all while their lives were as yet tinged with the joys of our Lord's natal feast.

This year it was the afternoon of St. Stephen's day that he began his round of visits. We have never been able to understand just why this feast was so dear to our old Irish people. Confessors of the Faith, they may have found in the life of this first Christian martyr something in common with their own. They had to be sure their "Wren festivities" and there was hardly one among them who could not recite the old refrain.

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was cot in the furze;
Although he is little, his family's grate—
Put yer hand in yer pocket and give us a trate."

But with all this, there seemed to be a reverence and abiding respect which caused them to hold the day as sacred and to revere the memory of one who like many of their household of the faith, had suffered rather than deny his trust in the crucified.

This day was so beautiful, so mild and spring like, the sleighing so perfect, that Father James decided to visit some of his most distant people who lived down along the Eastern river valley. In this vicinity he had some fifteen families, many of which were perhaps about ten miles distant from their parish church.

It was not an easy task for them to journey to the old brick church on a cold winter's morning. The roads were not always the best. The large stone walls, the old pine stump fences which at that time lined most of the highways, afforded excellent resting place for the deep winter snows, and it not unfrequently happened that the Sunday morning trip to the "Old Mission Church" had to be made through ways that were all but impassable. With the mercury ranging anywhere from zero to 20° below, with the drifting snow carried by a strong wind, one can easily see that church attendance at the "Old Mission" during the winter season was but little short of heroic. Many a half way house had to be visited, chilled hands and feet warmed, or frozen ears and faces thawed, and bricks or soapstones heated anew for the remainder of the journey to the "Old Mission Church" on the bleak and rising hills. They did not in truth find it any too warm at times. Its walls were high, its windows large, and its unsheltered surroundings gave it the full benefit of a cold winter's wind. Then the two stoves back near the doors while spreading an air of comfort in the immediate vicinity sent but little cheer to the half perished parishioners from the distant sections of the parish as they followed the Holy Mysteries, half enclosed as it were by their old time box pews.

Such were the confessors of the faith whom Father James had come to look in on for a few moments this St. Stephen's afternoon.

In the village there were two families, descendants of some of the earliest Catholic settlers in our State, two brothers that had settled here many years ago. Their children for the most part were still at home; they were constant attendants at Father James' Sunday school. In one family there were Jerome, John, Edward, Fred, Helen and Lizzie; in the other there were Edward, Carrie and Alice. For them it was now that happy age, when life's cares rest lightest, and the pleasures of home the sweetest. The half hour which Father James spent with each of these families was especially enjoyable. There was little to talk of except future prospects. None of the cares and anxieties for the absent ones which are later on the parents' lot, had as yet settled on these two Christian homes.

The good priest now journeyed on to other families lower down along the river. Here he found himself in the midst of a small Irish settlement, five families in all, each of which he visited in turn.

A half an hour later or so, Father James drove up to the door of a small but well kept farm house where he was met by a man well along in years who greeted him with the old Irish exclamation 'A thousand welcomes,' Father!"

"The same to you, Patrick!" returned Father James, "How is Martin and the family?" "Quite well, thank your Reverence," replied Patrick. Patrick and Martin were Brothers, yet to look at them in the family pew at church one might say that they were father and son, so evident seemed to be the difference in their years.

"Martin has gone to the city this afternoon to carry Annie back. She had to return to Boston sooner than she expected," added Patrick, "and I guess he will be sorry not to have been at home to wish you the compliments of this holy season." "Well, I suppose it cannot be helped," said Father James, "however, we shall not find the time long passing in the company of his excellent wife, and your own dear self."

"You are very welcome," said Mrs. D. as she ushered her worthy pastor into her cozy sitting room, "didn't we have a beautiful Christmas, yesterday?"

"Very fine indeed," replied Father James; "it truly made one think of the day as we used to spend it at home in Ireland. I was pleased to see Annie with you again; she seems to look very well, and while I had only a chance to wish her in passing a 'Merry Christmas' I could not help thinking what a great consolation she wust be to her father and you."

"Yes, Father," replied Mrs. D. "Seems to think only of pleasing us. Her letters are filled with anxiety for our welfare, and though she has now been away several years, they breathe the same filial devotion today as they did when she wrote her first note to us the morning after leaving home."

"And your boys?" asked Father James, "I noticed Michael, James and John at mass yesterday, have you heard of late from Patrick and Daniel?"

"Just before Christmas, Father, we had a letter from each. Dan is now in Seattle, and Patrick is in San Francisco. We rather expect them home in the spring."

"Well, Mrs. D.," said Father James, "I must now be going, otherwise I shall be unable to give the other families in the little settlement a short call, and the chances are that I may not be this way again until next summer, so let us thank God for the blessings of the past year, and please accept my best wishes for you and yours in the new year soon to begin."

It was rather late when Father James drove from the door of the last family living in this distant section of his scattered country parish, but his welcome had been so hearty, and the sentiments expressed so genuine, that he hardly felt the afternoon slipping away, and the chill of the winter night gradually coming on as he turned his trusty horse towards his homeward course.

He had not intended on stopping on the way, but on a second thought he said within himself, "I guess I had better drop in

and see Mrs. F. for a few moments, it will not delay me much, or take me far out of my way, for I can then return by the Mills' road."

Mrs. F. was one of those poor but excellent women, on whom the burdens of life had rested heavily. She had had quite a large family, but most of them were now away at work in distant cities. Her husband, while quite a promising young fellow had been a disappointment. His good wife with her children's aid was now endeavoring to get along as best she could. One of the boys remained at home, and two of the girls had come to spend Christmas with their mother. Father James had always encouraged the family as much as possible, and had ever found Mrs. F. a faithful and zealous Church worker.

"A pleasant day to you, Mrs. F., if it is not too late to wish you the same," said Father James on entering this poor, though hospitable home.

"It is indeed welcome you are," said Mrs. F., "and may the Lord shower his choicest blessings upon you this St. Stephen's day."

"I have been out making a few calls down the Eastern river road, so I thought I would come around your way for a moment," continued Father James.

"It is just about supper time, Father, and I am sure you are going to stay with us for such as we have, you know we would like to have you," suggested Mrs. F., half timidly.

There was something about her manner that seemed to appeal to Father James, and while he rarely remained away from his home for meals, yet he felt that he would so greatly please his good parishioner, that he might for this once transgress his usual custom, so he quietly added, "thank you, Mrs. F., I am a little hungry, and if it will not put you out too much, or if you give me just what you were going to have yourselves, I shall be delighted to take a little lunch with you."

"It will be no trouble at all, Father," replied Mrs. F., now overjoyed at her good fortune, "the girls have gone to the office at the Mills, but they will soon be home, and I am looking for Michael any moment. Nellie told me she was in to see you the day before Christmas, and that you greatly encouraged her. She has decided to remain at home for the winter, and I think it will do her good; she is not well, and was much discouraged. She now appears more cheerful, and tells me that she made a mission about two months ago, and is now making the nine first Fridays; she says her prayers very faithfully, and her trust in God to come to her assistance is truly marvellous. But I wish you would speak to Agnes, Father, for Nellie tells me that she has grown neglectful of her religious duties, and I notice that she does not pray as she used to. I asked her about Mass, but I could not get her to give me a very sat-

isfactory answer." Father James sighed, and was about to speak when the entrance of the girls changed the subject for the moment.

"Good afternoon, Father," said Nellie, "we did not expect to have the pleasure of a call from you today, but isn't it strange? I was just talking to Agnes about you, and how you had helped me to look upon misfortune in a more Christian way."

"It is a pleasure for me to learn that, Nellie," replied Father James, "and what does Agnes think, may I ask?"

"I hardly know what to say, Father," murmured Agnes, "you see I am so busy that I don't have much time to think. I am sorry for Nellie, and do all that I can for her, and I am very grateful for whatever encouragement you may have given her."

"But how about yourself, Agnes, don't you think that you need to be encouraged a little?"

"Perhaps, Father, but then let us have supper since we are to have the pleasure of your company," added Agnes, a trifle nettled.

Father James had known Agnes for a long time, and had instructed her as a child in Sunday school for First Holy Communion and Confirmation, and was not now to be put off from the opportune moment.

So he kindly said, "Agnes, let us settle this question first, supper can wait, we may enjoy it all the more. I remember quite a few of your years in this mission, my impressions of you were always the best, and you seemed to have confidence in your old pastor; now I want you to be honest and tell me if you are as faithful to your religious duties as formerly; you used to be regular at mass, frequent the sacraments, pious and devoted; are you so yet?"

"Why should you ask me such questions, Father, what would you naturally suppose?" returned Agnes.

"What would I naturally suppose?" answered Father James, repeating her question. "What should I suppose except that you would be the same dutiful Christian girl in the great city that you were here in the peace and quiet of your home, tell me now Agnes, are you that?"

Agnes' resources were now exhausted, and while tears began to flow in abundance from her large black eyes, she came over to Father James' side and quietly whispered: "Father, I am not as faithful as I used to be; I have been neglectful, but with God's help, and your assistance, I will turn over a new leaf before I leave home, and the new year will see me I fondly trust like the Agnes you used to know." Long suppressed tears of joy now well nigh covered her fair face, and after permitting her to continue for a moment, Father James coming to her assistance, gently said, "Think no more about it at present, my

child, rest in your good resolutions, and let us have supper which we may now enjoy all together."

The meal was in truth a frugal one, for poor Mrs. F. had followed her pastor's injunction to the letter, yet there was a neatness about the service and an air of mutual confidence on the part of these good people and their pastor, which only served to bring them closer to the ideal Christian repast, and Father James as he arose to say the well known grace, "Agimus tibi gratias omnipotens Deus, pro universis beneficiis tuis . . . We give thee thanks, O God, for these and all thy other graces of which we have partaken," may have been heard to offer a silent yet heartfelt act of thanksgiving for the wandering child now on the way back to the path of duty.

SAINT AGNES

Just a short distance from Rome on the Nomentan Road, stands St. Agnes without the Walls. This is one of the old churches of the Eternal city dating back as it does to the days of Constantine the Great when it was erected to commemorate the memory of this heroic young woman, which at that date was still green in the hearts of the early Christians. While yet in her thirteenth year, shortly after the beginning of the terrible persecution proclaimed against the Church by the Emperor Diocletian, Agnes already noted for her beauty as well as her riches, was sought by many a young Roman nobleman in marriage, but as she had already given her espousals to the Lord whom alone she had decided to serve, the accusation of being a Christian was soon lodged against her, and she was at once dragged before the Roman Governor by whom she was subjected to all manner of vile temptations and tortures with the purpose of destroying her constancy and stealing that which she prized most of all, the honor of her young life.

Earthly honors and pleasures might have been her portion during a long career, but her young life, brief though it was, stands before us as a shining example of that love of holy purity which was not uncommon even in the midst of an evil and licentious age. Placed before a wicked world as a living exponent of virginal innocence, the lustre which thus came to grace the name of Agnes, has not lessened with passing years, and we love to think that St. Agnes in her strength of character, and constancy in sufferings, is no less a model to our pious young women of this our day, than she was to St. Emerentiana or many another heroic maiden who through sacrifice untold has followed without faltering her footsteps in all that is essential for the maintenance of the spotless purity of a true Christian life.

Christian Education Among the Indians

THE BUREAU OF
CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1326 NEW YORK AVENUE

STATEMENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE FAITH AMONG INDIAN CHILDREN FOR 1914.

The Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children brought in the following returns during 1914:

From Membership Fees	$15,946.66
From Special Appeal of the Bureau	6,963.69
From Marquette League (Chapels, etc.)	4,106.10
From Mass Intentions	1,073.00
From Interest on Legacies	1,500.00
Total	$29,589.45

We note with alarm that the year 1914 registers still another decrease (a falling off of $3,092.23 from the year 1913) in the receipts of the Preservation Society. No doubt there are many reasons which account for this: The pressing local needs everywhere, the extraordinary demands that have been made on the generosity of the faithful because of the calamities in various parts of the world during 1914, all of which had to be heeded. Nevertheless, the Indian Missions still have the very strongest claim on the Catholic people of the United States and their wants have not grown less. Through the machinations of unfriendly persons we have lost one of our schools that was supported out of Indian tribal funds. The enemies of our faith, who pretend to be friends of the Indians, are incessantly endeavoring to deprive us of all assistance from

Indian moneys and have succeeded in injuring us in several instances quite considerably. Are we to be driven from the Indian field through such machinations to which the Government representatives appear to be yielding, or shall we rally round the emblem of our faith and place our institutions beyond the need of any assistance that comes to us through Government channels? Be loyal! Be generous! Let your contributions to the Preservation Society for 1915 be at least a partial answer to the question.

WM. H. KETCHAM,
Director Bureau C. I. M.
and President Preservation Society.

MRS. CECELIA GARRITY

Mrs. Cecelia Garrity, one of the best known and respected Catholics of the Cathedral parish, died on Christmas day at her home, 15 Everett street. She was the venerable mother of Rev. P. J. Garrity of Bangor and of M. J. Garrity, trustee of Maine juvenile institutions and lessee of the Jefferson Theatre. The other children of this mother who meant so very much to her boys and girls, are Dominic C. Garrity of Nashua, N. H.; Daniel F. Garrity of this city, and three unmarried daughters who have always been members of the parental home—Mary, Margaret and Annie.

Mrs. Garrity had been a widow since 1891. She was born in Taum, County Galway, Ireland, coming to this country in girlhood. She had been a member of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception parish for over 50 years, having lived in the house in which she died about 45 years. Mrs. Garrity was a devout member of the parish and was a regular attendant at services there. She was apparently in good health on Christmas Day, and her death, which came without the slightest premonition, was a distinct shock to her relatives and friends, who numbered many. Her cheerful disposition and motherly attitude toward old and young alike won for her numberless acquaintances who most sincerely mourn her loss. First in her thoughts were her church and her home, and blessed is her memory in both.

A New Theological Seminary

A new theological seminary is being established at San Antonio, Texas, under the auspices of the Catholic Church Extension Society for the education of young men who will later on devote themselves to missionary work in Mexico. For the present at least the expenses of equipment and maintenance, will fall on the resources of the Extension Society, but there is little doubt but like every other worthy undertaking, that in due time numerous patrons will volunteer to take up the burdens of helping to keep alive the lamp of Faith in our southern faction torn neighbor.

The teaching faculty for the present will be made up of exiled Mexican priests under the government of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Herrara of Tulancingo who assumes charge with the full approval of the Mexican hierarchy.

The necessity for a move of this kind is evident, since many of the parishes through Mexico, if not practically all, have at present no religious services, their priests for the most part being in exile, some having gone to France, Spain, South America, and many yet remaining in the United States. Mexican houses of studies being closed, those students that have or are about to complete their courses, will be taken in charge in the new seminary at San Antonio where the immediate preparation for ordination will be given.

There are at present four Mexican Archbishops, and five Bishops in Texas. Another Archbishop is the guest of Bishop Conaty, and two other Archbishops and one Bishop are at Havana, Cuba. With its Bishops, priests and nuns in exile, most of them being cared for by their co-religionist in this country, the Catholic Church in Mexico is truly in a sad plight.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Little by little the estate of the Catholic University is assuming magnificent proportions giving thereby assurance of its strength and great value as the one great educational center for the United States.

Conservatively speaking, the value now placed on its holdings is $3,365,884.87. Its endowments now total the sum of $1,780,954.18. From the annual collection taken in November throughout the United States, the sum of $101,206.32 was realized.

There are at present attending the University courses some 1,175 students. With the welfare of this our great National Institution always at heart, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons on the occasion of a reception recently accorded him at Scranton by the Knights of Columbus, took advantage of the opportunity to reiterate his gratitude to the Catholic Knights of America, saying in part: "I am always glad to meet the members of the Knights of Columbus. I owe them a debt of gratitude which will never be extinguished in my heart. I regard the Knights of Columbus in this country an indispensable necessity for the Church, and I would regard it as an irreparable calamity to see this illustrious body of men extinguished from out beautiful country. You have become an indispensable adjunct of the Catholic Church in this country. The largest gift that the Catholic University at Washington has received at any time came from you. You made us a promise, a bold and daring promise of what you proposed to do, and I may say now that you kept that promise, and I can give you the exact date on which you kept it. On the 6th day of January, 1914, your supreme officers gave us the munificent sum of five hundred thousand dollars.

"Wherever there is any abuse to be redressed, you are at hand for the work, and wherever there is anything to be done for charity or religion, or any other great project to be carried on, we shall look to you for it, and we prelates know that we shall not look to you in vain.

"You represent a splendid army of American Catholic men ready at all times to defend your Church or your country. I cannot separate your loyalty to mother country from your loyalty to mother Church. Both go hand in hand together.

"I once heard the story of a British prelate who said he was a British subject first and a Christian after that. I would not make that answer if a similar question were put to me. I would say that I am both an American citizen and a prelate of the Catholic Church. By the grace of God I am a Catholic Christian, and by the favor of our beloved country I am an American citizen, and I know that you men of the Illustrious Order of the Knights of Columbus are loyal American citizens and loyal Christians."

On the same occasion, the Rt. Rev. Rector of the University, Bishop Shahan referring to the presentation of the endowment fund the past year said: "There is nothing more pleasing to me than to stand before you and express my profound gratitude for the magnificent and unique endowment to the Catholic University which your great Order completed in the present year. In past years you did your full share, but by this splendid collection you have crowned all your generosity of the past.

"If you examine the annals of education, you will find nothing to compare with the great gift of the Knights of Columbus to the Catholic University. It has stamped you as the apostles of Catholic education. We have only to consider the awful slanders and the mass of ignorance against which we as Catholics have to contend to see how great is the work of Catholic education.

"As head of the University, I may say to you that the purpose of your donation is being every hour carried out, and that it will be for all time."

The Effect of the European War on Our Ecclesiastical Seminaries

There can be no question as to the sad havoc wrought by the terrible war now in progress in Europe on our Seminaries especially those whose purpose is to prepare young men for the priesthood.

That many a student body will or has been depleted goes without saying. By law the elite of the various nations engaged must take their places at the front where many of them are sure to meet an untimely death. Their ranks in the Seminaries and later on the work of the ministry must ever remain unfilled, and we may well say that it will take many a year, if it is ever possible, to replace them.

The actual condition in Old St. Sulpice may be gleaned from the following deeply interesting letter addressed by Father Tanquerey to one of his friends in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Dating the letter, "Seminary of St. Sulpice, Issy, December 1st, 1914," the Rev. A. Tanquerey, S. S., D. D., writes as follows to his confrere: "We are here in a somewhat abnormal situation. The seminary is transformed into a hospital, in which ladies of the nobility of France devote themselves to the care of about a hundred wounded soldiers. We have nevertheless about a hundred seminarians, chiefly philosophers, who room at Loretto, the Solitude and Sion; they are those who are very young or too old to be called into service, or in poor health; the others are at the front or at the bedside of the wounded.

"If proofs were needed that the training given in seminaries is excellent they would be supplied in a most telling way by the present war. Protestants and atheists, politicians and patriots, are obliged to recognize the fact, and as for our generals, they frequently mention among those who have rendered distinguished service our priest and seminarian soldiers. Even Sulpicians have had the honor!

"To speak only of those of Issy, Fathers A. de Boyson and Cimetier are ambulanciers and tend the wounded in the midst of falling shells. The former, who for a month and a half was employed away from the firing line in charge of some sanitary supply, urgently asked for a post as infirmarian at the front. He lives in the trenches with the soldiers. The first of November he was able to bring to them there the Blessed Sacrament; the soldiers took turns in watching before Our Lord during a perpetual adoration of twenty-four hours, and the next day twenty-five of them, led by their officers, received holy communion in these new catacombs. Several days later he was wounded in the arm and brought to Chalons, but the wound is slight and he will soon return to his post. Father Baisne's wound is, as you know, much more serious; they had to cut off his arm at the shoulder. The wound promises to heal, but he is still weak and suffering from nervous excitability. As soon as he can be moved we shall try to have him brought here where he will be cheered by the presence of his confreres.

"Ten of our seminarians have been killed at the front, some of them while leading their comrades in assault and the others while helping the wounded on the battlefield or caring for them in the field hospitals. Nineteen have been wounded, but several of them have already gone back to the firing line. Several are prisoners, and, in general, well treated, especially in places where there are German Catholic chaplains. Thus Mr. Gerhier, ex-president of the Catholic Youth League, seriously wounded in the foot, receives holy communion every day at the hospital of Celle in Hanover. Finally, nearly a hundred others are in the trenches or in the military hospitals. All write admirable letters, and from other sources we know that they all have to their credit acts of heroism.

"They and their confreres, with the priests or religious who are in the army, about 30,000 in all, have so won the esteem of their comrades that at the present time more than three-fourths of our soldiers go to confession and to communion and say their beads. Many of our seminarians have organized the perpetual rosary. I do not believe that there ever was an army so Christian, in which there was so much prayer or so frequent reception of the sacraments."

The Catholic Church in Maine

GABRIEL DRUILLETTES.

Father Druillettes' years of service in the mission fields of Maine were not many; they began in the fall of 1646 and closed in the early spring of 1652, but few as they were, they were so filled with goodly deeds as to naturally call for some little notice on his after career. He came down the valley of the Kennebec as we have seen, only a few years after his arrival from France. His first labors in Canada were among the Algonquins whose wanderings he followed most faithfully during the winter of 1644-45 when he had his first experience in the awful inconveniences and privations of Indian life.

As the various members of his party were all newly elected converts to our holy faith, his journey was not without its consolations. Parkman tells us that they "looked on him as a friend and a father. There were prayers, confessions, masses, and invocations to St. Joseph. They built their bark chapel at every camp, and no festival of the Church passed unobserved. On Good Friday they laid their best robes of beaver skin on the snow, placed on it a crucifix, and knelt around it in prayer."

Morning and evening prayers were always said in common, and so devoted were his neophites that they would not think of going on the hunt without first obtaining his blessing. His bodily sufferings were however almost past endurance. His bed night after night consisted of but a few bows or pine branches laid over the frozen ground with little or no covering. "It was the sort of an inn where you did not have to settle with the host." Their food for the most part was only dried meat, hard as iron," says Father Druillettes, "and as tasteless as hemp." Frequently after night-fall, the good priest would have to steal away from the smoke, noise and turmoil of the Indian camp to read his office as best he could with only the glimering rays of the moon as they softly stole through the towering trees of the virgin forest. His years of probation in the Jesuit novitiate at Toulouse where his heart was steeled in all that was necessary for the formation of the apostle, were not without purpose, but we may well doubt whether he or his faithful teachers had any conception of the rigors and privations of a winter in the American wilds where at best, only a miserable existence could be his daily portion. But the purpose in view knew no limit, or saw no obstacle too great to be encountered. To the humble and heroic missionary, the soul of the American savage was as dear as were any of

his friends or fellow countrymen amid the vine-clad hills of sunny France. Consumed with love Divine for the salvation of their immortal souls, it mattered little to him wherever he might be called to follow; the cheerless solitudes of the frozen north, or the health laden, balmy breezes of our own delightful Maine summers were all the same to the Christian soldier of the Cross.

Such is the fact that is borne in upon us with irresistible logic as we read the few letters yet extant written by men like Druillettes from the midst of the great forest wilds to his fond friends at home or his Superior in the little asile at Quebec. The same strain of zeal and hopeful expectation runs through them all, showing us that the main spring of his very existence was the salvation of his fellow creature wherever he might chance to be or the path of duty might call him.

With motives like these in evidence, need we wonder at the anxiety of our Maine Indians to retain their beloved "Patriarch" in their midst; need we wonder at the cordial welcome which always seemed to be his even in the homes of the Pilgrims; need we marvel even at his reception in the very heart of Puritanism on the occasion of his first official visit to Boston. "The three-hilled city of the Puritans," writes Parkman, "lay chill and dreary under a December sky, as the priest crossed from the neighboring peninsula of Charlestown." We have often noticed how aptly chosen are the words of Parkman. The chill and the dreariness seem to affect one perchance even now as they did Father Druillettes when he entered Boston on this winter's day, but feelings of timidity and awe are soon dispelled by the hospitality of our reception. On no occasion during the years of his stay among the New England hills, do we find recorded a single hint either on the part of the Indians or the early pilgrim settlers, that his presence was not agreeable. And when the time came for him to slowly wend his way back to his Canadian home, to return no more among the people who loved him so well, we find as we briefly follow his after career, on the missions whether at Tadoussac, up along the Saguenay, or in the far west, that his life was but the echo of what it had been along the banks of Imperial Kennebec. At one time we see him among the Ottawas, again among the Algonquins; we meet him at Tadoussac and follow him up the now famed country of the Saguenay; finally in the far west at that charming spot then as now called "Sault Ste. Marie" where the waters of Lake Superior bounding down over the craggy heights come to mingle with those of Huron. Here in the company of Allouez and Marquette we are to witness the closing days of a long and useful life. It was now the month of September, 1670. Though bending beneath the weight of nearly three score and ten years, the apostle of the Kennebec had come to give what little yet remained of his old time vigor to the service of his Master, to the upbuilding of a Christian

empire on the shores of the great lakes. Here as of old he gathered the children of the forest about the rude chapel, taught them in brief the arts of civilization, and the mysteries of the Christian religion; here were witnessed again and again the contests between paganism and Christianity; here he tasted both the joys and disappointments of the missionary life, shared the lot of the Indians on their long and toilsome winter hunts. The Chippewas, the Kiskakons, the Missisagas, and even the warlike Dekotas in turn claimed his attention. An event which per chance saddened his latter days now came to pass. For a long time there had been bitter enmity between the Dekotas and the Indians living about the Sault. Father Druillettes had gathered them together in council, and had brought them to realize the blessing of peace, when in an illstarred moment, a Cree brave suddenly rushed into the assembly and stabbed to death one of the Dekota emissaries. Indiscriminate slaughter followed and when the fray had ended not a single Dekotas remained living and the entire settlement including the chapel had been reduced to ashes. Druillettes' promising mission had all disappeared, and for a time the prospects of establishing a Christian village at the Sault seemed doomed to bitter disappointment. But the undaunted Druillettes did not appear to know the meaning of the word failure. The last embers of the smouldering fires had hardly grown cold ere the work of reconstruction was on, the chapel and its surrounding cabins again rebuilt, and the scattered nations again gathered about the Sault. The opportune moment for organizing the western tribes under the domain of France had now arrived; the French commander Saint-Lusson had traveled the forest far and near and had assembled the chiefs for conference. It was the 4th of June, 1671. The Jesuits Druillettes, Allouez, and André were there. Bancroft in one of his early editions thus describes this noted assemblage: "The day appointed for the unwonted spectacle of the congress of nations arrived; and with Allouez as his interpreter, St. Lusson, fresh from an excursion to Southern Canada,—that is the borders of the Kennebec, where the English habitations were already sown broadcast along the coast,—appeared at the Falls of St. Mary as the delegate of Talon. There are assembled the envoys of the wild republicans of the wilderness, and the brilliantly clad officers from the veteran armies of France. It was formally anounced to the natives, gathered, as they were, from the head-springs of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the Red River, that they were placed under the protection of the French King. A cross of cedar was raised; and, amid the groves of maple and pine, of elm and hemlock, that are strangely intermingled on the beautiful banks of the St. Mary, where the bounding river lashes its waters into snowy whiteness as they hurry past the dark evergreen of the tufted islands in the channel, the whole

company of the French, bowing before the emblem of man's redemption, chanted to its glory a hymn of the seventh century:—

'Vexilla Regis prodeunt;
Fulget crucis mysterium.'
The banners of heaven's King advance;
The mystery of the cross shines forth.

By the side of the cross a cedar column was planted, and marked with the lilies of the Bourbons. Thus were the authority and the faith of France uplifted, in the presence of the ancient races of America, in the heart of our continent." The vast and varied gathering melted away; and the great Indian chieftains disappeared to their far and distant forest homes; but the work of the zealous missionaries went on with unabated vigor. While their natural sympathies were undoubtedly wrapped up in the destinies of their beloved France, yet the real empire in whose behalf the energies of a long life were spent, was that of the Cross, and the only regret that was perchance theirs, was the fact that the fleeting years of man's earthly career were too few for the zeal which consumed them in the Master's service. And as the knell of departing usefulness sounded for Father Druillettes in 1679, we may well picture the aged white haired missionary, as he enters his birken canoe to begin the journey of over a thousand miles to their humble home on the rock at Quebec. As he bids farewell to his associates, the yet youthful André, the talented Allouez, and passes down by the place "where the bounding river lashes its waters into snowy whiteness" we imagine that we see the tears of regret silently flowing down his wrinkled cheeks, as the shortness of human usefulness dawns upon him. His life's work is now at an end, and there remains naught on earth for him, save to patiently await "the knell of parting day." But the voice of duty as it formerly called him to labor and sacrifice, now calls him to prayer and rest; and as his trusty guides slowly paddle their fragile bark down through the great lakes, by Niagara, amid the thousand islands, along the broad, and swiftly flowing waters of the great St. Lawrence, we may well glean, that whilst passing through earthly beauties unsurpassed, Father Druillettes had already turned towards those of the Eternal shores. His stay at Quebec was not long. On the 8th of April, 1681, as the vesper bells were sending forth the call for evening prayer, the soul of the heroic Druillettes went forth to meet its creator. And while his mortal remains rest in their unknown grave within the walls of old Quebec, the memory of his untold labors yet endures, and whether we meet him in the huts of our Indians along the Kennebec or among the noted men of his day, we everywhere recognize the Christian soldier, the Christian nobleman, and as such we bid him a last adieu in our brief account of his missionary labors among the Indians of our State.

Life of Cardinal Cheverus

Adapted from the French of J Huen-Dubourg.

I

His Birth and Early Education

The subject of this sketch, John Lefebvre de Cheverus, was born Jan. 28, 1768 at Mayenne, the capital of the old province of lower Maine. Long honored by public office, his family seemed to enjoy universal esteem. At the time of his birth, there were three brothers in the family who centered as it were in themselves both the temporal and the ecclesiastical control of the city of Mayenne; his uncle Louis-Rene de Cheverus was pastor of its principal parish; another M. de Champorain de Cheverus held the honorable position of mayor; and the third, Jean Vincent de Cheverus, father of the future American missionary, was judge of the municipal court, chief of the police, and a peer of the realm.

His mother, Anne Lemarchand des Noyes was one of those few women who really understand bringing up children. Set rules did not appeal to her so much as did the simplest and most Christian methods. Careful to instill into the hearts of her offsprings by example rather than words the fear of the Lord, habits of prayer, respect for one's neighbor, charity for the poor, sympathy for the afflicted, besides a sincere affection for all that is good, honest and virtuous, she was able to command both their reverence and obedience. Those punishments which served to harden rather than correct did not have her approval; still less did she favor those corrections which, while forcing compliance with the will of the superior do not change the dispositions of the heart.

In her household evening prayers were always said in common, and so great love did she inspire for this old Patriarchial custom that her children considered it one of the greatest misfortunes to be condemned to pray alone in the solitude of their chamber in punishment for slight trangressions, hence their anxiety to be, each night one of those about the family altar served to keep them ever in the path of duty. In this great work she was not alone, her excellent husband always united his efforts to those of his worthy wife whom he supported both by word and example in the early education of his children. All those precautions were not in vain. To say nothing of the distinguished and eminent virtues which were in after years

their fruit, the children's gratitude and affection were in truth ever afterwards a consoling recompense for their parents' many cares. The memory of so faithful a mother like virtue itself will always remain engraved in the hearts of her worthy descendants.

Even to the last years of his life John Lefebvre de Cheverus used to speak of her with all reverence and affection, especially when dwelling on the duties of parents towards their children, her example was the one most frequently cited. On a certain occasion when delivering a panegyris on St. Louis quoting the beautiful example of Queen Blanche in the Christian education of her royal son he repeated her well known words: "My son God is witness to my great love for you, yet much as I love you I would rather see you dead than to know that you had committed a single mortal sin." And, exclaimed John de Cheverus, "I thank God for having given me just such a mother!" Time and again his boyish heart overflowing with affection and gratitude would cause the people to say without thinking: "How happy the mother whose name is so lovingly treasured by such a son!' They could also well say, "How fortunate is the son whose first steps along life's toilsome journey were under the guidance of a mother so truly Christian!"

II

His First Studies

Faithtful to his early training, from his tenderest years young Cheverus was noted for that gentleness of manner, that affability of character which were his distinguishing traits in after life. He was even now remarkable for his avoidance of all frivolity, for his love of study, for his application to duty, for that grasp of affairs, and those charming accomplishments which seemed to foretell his after career in the Church. His virtuous mother, well aware that childhood innocence very tender, like a flower when transplanted at too early an age in a foreign soil, withers and perishes, naturally wished to keep him under her immediate care during his first experience at school, hence decided that he should remain beneath the parental roof while following from day to day a course of elementary studies in the principal college of his native city. Here the most brilliant success crowned his efforts. His natural talents, his faithful application, soon placed him in a class by himself where he had only one rival, another highly favored youth de Chapedelaine, who was usually his contestant for first honors but was as a rule surpassed by the superior application and talent of John de Cheverus. This superiority did not, however, affect him in the least. Without pretense or dignity he was everybody's friend, a good companion, equally at home with all. His zest

in the games would have proven him the most lighthearted just the same as his application to study marked him as the most studious in the college. In fact he knew how to do all things well, to recreate in the time of play and to study during the hours of school.

III

His First Holy Communion

It was in his eleventh year that he made his first Holy Communion. For a long time his good parents had kept this great act before him, teaching him to look forward to this day as the acme of happiness, the aim of all his efforts, the greatest reason for doing all things well. The correspondence of the pious youth with all their wishes was a source of untold joy to his zealous parents. The impression which the reception of the Holy Eucharist made upon his loving and sensitive soul was most lasting. Consumed by the love of God he renounced all earthly hope; instinctively his inclinations seemed to turn towards a life of self-abnegation and prayer, and his very nature itself seemed called to the ecclesiastical state. He told all to his mother, who, like another Ann thought only of how she might nourish these holy dispositions that she might have the happiness of giving another Samuel to the Lord.

IV

Tonsured at the Age of Twelve Years

He received Tonsure the following year in his native city of Mayenne. It was in the church of Calvary at the hand of the Bishop of Dol, Mgr. de Herce, that John de Cheverus took his first step towards the service of the altar. His happiness this day was shared by the friend of his infancy and his rival in studies de Chapedelaine who already gave promise of becoming one day the honor and glory of the priesthood, but whose brilliant career was a few years later terminated by death just as he was completing his ecclesiastical studies at Staint-Sulpice.

The remembrance of John de Cheverus and his fidelity to the duties of his new state of life long endured. The people in after years used to recall with pleasure how he assisted in surplice at the various offices, his piety, his modesty and the promptness with which he acquainted himself with whatever duties were entrusted to him. His great piety far from interfering with his studies only seemed to accelerate his energies by giving to his soul far greater zeal for well doing, besides enlarging the scope of his well trained mind.

V

His Presentation to His Bishop

A visit of Monseigneur de Gonsans to Mayenne about this time gave Louis de Cheverus the opportunity of presenting his son to the Bishop of the diocese. The reception of the young cleric was most cordial; the Bishop gave him a thorough examination and was in truth so charmed with his piety, amiability, frankness and appitude for learning, that he at once informed his father that his son might have one of the Bourses then at the disposal of the diocese of Mons in the famed college of Louis-le-Grand at Paris. M. de Cheverus who desired better advantages for his son than those of his native city, joyfully accepted his Bishop's offer and promised to send him to Paris for the opening of the next term.

VI

His Nomination to the Priory of Torbechet

The brother of the unfortunate Louis XVI, the Duke of Orleans, who afterwards ascended the throne of France as Louis the XVIII, had at this epoch as member of his council the noted lawyer Gerbier. Chancing to visit Mayenne this eminent man became deeply interested in the young Abbé de Cheverus; wishing to please an old and honorable family, he told M. de Cheverus that he would ask the king's brother to nominate his son to one of the many benefices then at his disposal. Gerbier kept his word. Abbé de Cheverus was soon afterwards named Prior of Torbechet with the title of extraordinary chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince. The Priory was not far from Mayenne and gave to its possessor a fairly good living; but there appears to have been some controversy about its occupancy, which lasted several years. Abbé de Cheverus then as always a great lover of peace was very adverse to prolonging the contest but his lawyer feeling assured of success was unwilling to yield especially when victory seemed within his grasp. The young prior, however, heartily sick of the whole affair suddenly brought the question to a head by voluntarily renouncing all his rights just at the moment when his prospects seemed brightest. Asked why he had done so John de Cheverus made this beautiful response: "Because I could not have won without ruining my adversary." His lawyer was furious. Even after a lapse of forty years when the Bishop returned to France to enjoy his well merited honors he found his old lawyer had in no way relented. The income from the Priory Torbechet while small was nevertheless satisfactory to the Abbé de Cheverus while he held it for it sufficed to pay the expenses of his studies at Paris.

While receiving the revenues of his benefice he was most faithful in complying with the obligations thereby imposed which included among other the daily recitation of the little office of the B. V. M. This, however, was a most agreeable duty for he always regarded it as an immediate preparation for the public offices of the church which would be his portion later on.

VII

His Departure for Paris Where He is Presented to the Duke of Orleans

It was in the month of August in 1781 that our young levite terminated his fourth year of preparation capturing as usual several prizes. After a few weeks of repose and recreation his father decided it was best to place him at once in the college of Louis-le-Grand at Paris where there would be a larger field for him besides one more in keeping with his talents. They stopped over on their way at Mons where he had the favor of an interview with his Bishop. Monseigneur de Gonsans was pleased since it gave him the opportunity of knowing more intimately a young man already so prominent in the church. He reaffirmed his former offer of a bourse and promised to go and see his young protégé every time he had occasion to visit Paris. Greatly encouraged as well as flattered at the cordial reception granted them by their Bishop they continued on to Paris. Their first thought on their arrival was to call and thank Lawyer Gerbier for his good offices in obtaining for the young student the Priory of Torbechet. Gerbier at once proposed to present his protege to his Royal Highness, the Duke of Orleans. As Prior of Torbechet he also had the title of extraordinary chaplain to the Duke. The Prince, naturally, was not a little amused when his extraordinary chaplain, a youth of thirteen years who scarcely appeared to be more than ten, was presented to him; but like all others the boy's frankness, his amiability of character, his keen and loving expression soon won the Prince's heart and made him the recipient of still greater favors.

VIII.

The College of Louis-le-Grand

The ordeal which awaited the Abbé de Cheverus on his entrance to Louis-le-Grand was the greatest that could possibly beset a good young man who had just let the fostering influence of a virtuous family circle. Louis-le-Grand College formerly the home of virtue as well as sciences, had unfortunately of late fallen from its former high estate to become a center as it

were of those new theories and false doctrines which a few years later followed to their logical conclusions, drenched France in the blood of her best sons. Such a time honored practice as the rule of silence had been abandoned; many exercises of piety which make up the daily lives of the students in a Christian school and serve to mould their character along the lines of a saintly life were suppressed as being of no value in the formation of men of the world; for monks and religious, such things might have some worth but they could be of little value save a hindrance to young men destined to take their place amid the cares and anxieties of life. It did not take these false principles long to produce fruit. Without silence and piety, with all these inspiring religious exercises of the now and then during the course of the day to call the wandering soul back to the path of virtue, laid aside, the former excellent moral of the household soon gave way to grave disorders and the college which had produced so many eminent men and worthy citizens both for church and state became only a sad memory of the days of old. In the midst of such surroundings our Abbé de Cheverus did not change; his piety and modesty, his regularity and application to studies as well as his other duties were in striking contrast to the lives of those about him. He received Holy Communion every eight days; his religious exercises performed without affectation in a manner so abounding in sweetness, that he won the undivided esteem of all his fellow students. With one so talented and successful, so severe on himself, so mild and gentle towards others, everyone wished to be friendly. They could not help admiring one so free from guile, so open, so remarkable for the purity of his life. The Abbé did not, however, underestimate the dangers of his situation. He at once saw the need of a safe and enlightened guide to whom he might expose in all freedom the secrets of his heart and receive that direction which would supplement his inexperience, strengthen his weakness and reanimate decline of zeal. His choice for this important task fell on M. l'abbé Augé a long time director in the college of St. Stanislaus at Paris. In Father Augé, John de Cheverus found all that he sought, wise direction, good example, piety tender in the extreme, kindness of heart, a wonderful aptitude for the formation and direction of a youthful life. In addition he also had a longing for a truly virtuous friend who would help him both by word and example along life's toilsome journey. He cast his eye on one of his young student companions who had already won the love and esteem of every one who knew him.

The Abbé Legris-Duval was already noted for that sweetness of character and piety which for many a long year made him a leader in all the good works of Paris. Between two such kindred spirits a tender friendship universal in its aims and pur-

poses because of its foundation in real virtue, took root so deeply that ever afterwards endured. In 1824 Bishop Cheverus while preaching at Paris in behalf of the French Missions for which Abbé Legris-Duval had done so much, lovingly recalled their old time friendship saying: "He honored me with his friendship and he did not disdain even in his prime to make me an associate in his works of zeal and piety. Saintly friend, let me be today your echo, give me the unction to move the hearts of the people to perpetuate your work." The sole aim of their mutual love was the welfare of others, and they made a special effort to be good companions to all their fellow students. As they had assumed the task of showing the enduring qualities of true virtue, its value for the happiness of every one, they laid themselves out to take part in all college affairs, being most frequently the soul and center of all the games. Thus the love and esteem which they won was not only universal on the part of the entire college body but was of such a nature that even after a lapse of many a year their fellow students did not hesitate to show how lasting had been the lessons learned from the lives of these two virtuous young men. In testimony we need only to cite the beautiful example of l'abbé Legris-Duval. It was during the terrible days of 1793 that the good Abbé had the courage to go before those blood thirsty judges who had just condemned the unfortunate Louis XVI to death and asked permission to bring the consolation of our holy religion to the unhappy man. This would have been hardly a safe move for any other priest, but the judges chancing to be former students of Louis-le-Grand, were unable to tear from their souls the few vestiges of veneration and attachment for virtue which yet remained as the happy fruits of their early association. Even in 1823 when Bishop Cheverus after a long absence in America had returned to France so enduring and precious were the souvenirs of these early days at the college of Louis-le-Grand that he was hardly prepared for the heartfelt reception so freely accorded him by his former college friends.

IX

His Talents and Success

But while John de Cheverus was enhancing the value of virtue by his beautiful example he was even honoring it by his remarkable talents always in evidence from class to class. Possessing a very retentative memory he easily mastered his lessons, remembered the explanation or illustrations and seemed to retain whatever he learned. His mind was keen and he appeared to have little difficulty in solving the most trying problems or getting the real sense of some obscure passages. Having excellent taste he knew how to appreciate the literary works of the

best authors, to grasp and appropriate their ideas, not so much by memory as by a mastery which always kept them at his disposal. To all these beautiful accomplishments of soul and intellect he added a constant application which not only kept him in the front rank but enabled him at the end of each year to carry off the first prize. The president of the college considered himself fortunate in having so brilliant a pupil; he did not hesitate to say openly he was his best subject unexcelled except by the Abbé Legris-Duval who was probably his equal both in intellectual and spiritual accomplishments. He liked nothing better than to speak of his worth to any and all especially the Bishop of Mons whenever faithful to his promise he chanced to visit the college.

Bishop de Gonsans was delighted with these most favorable reports; he carried them home to his diocese, gave them general publicity and would at times exclaim: "My little Abbé de Cheverus, will be one day the pride and glory of my Diocese." Thus passed the school years of John de Cheverus at the college of Louis-le-Grand. As far as piety and literary success went they were about all alike with the sole exception that he seemed to please his teachers more and more with each passing year. His success in philosophy was in keeping with the high standards set in literature and his excellent judgment was only equalled by his spiritual accomplishments. Whenever his professor was indisposed or busied with other affairs he used often to take his place filling the important position with honor, showing thereby that the pupil was but little inferior to his master.

XII

His First Public Disputation

It was about this time that he defended his first public thesis. Following an old time custom, it became necessary for any one wishing to obtain a doctorate in theology to have some one of his pupils defend the question at issue, that he might prove thereby the value of his work as a teacher. Although the practice formerly had its uses, it was now a fact that very few of the young men presented were actually pupils of the one whom they represented.

John de Cheverus was too deeply indebted to M. Angi who now sought the coveted title, to refuse him this favor; he consequently appeared on the 21st of July, 1786, as defendant in a public discussion, and the able manner in which he defended his thesis, marshalled his proofs, solved the objections of his opponent, as well as the fairness of his reasoning at once place him in the front rank of public debators.

The Rev. Alexander Lourde, S. M.

The Rev. Alexander Lourde, former president of Van Buren College, died Dec. 2, 1914, at St. Joseph's Rectory, Haverhill, Mass., where he has been stationed the past twelve years.

Father Lourde was born Oct. 10, 1853, in France, department of the upper Loire. His early studies were made in the Seminary at Puy. Feeling himself called to the religious life, he joined the Mariat Fathers in 1876. Having pronounced inclination for educational work, he was called in October, 1888, to direct the destinies of St. Mary's College, Van Buren, Me., which had then been in existence about one year. Father Lourde remained at Van Buren seven years, during which time he developed the institution and greatly enlarged the sphere of its usefulness. The number of students increased from year to year during his rectorship and the course of studies was greatly strengthened. Forced by failing health to leave what had become a most agreeable post of duty, Father Lourde was assigned to parish duties in which he labored for a time in San Francisco, Cal., afterwards at St. Paul, Minn., finally at Haverhill, Mass., where his useful career was closed by an early death. Talented, with many lovable qualities, Father Lourde endeared himself to the many pupils who passed under his care during his stay at St. Mary's College, and all the members of the younger clergy of the Diocese of Portland in whose behalf he labored long and faithfully, have doubtless learned with real sorrow the news of his early demise. Successful in the great work of Christian education, he was equally so during the closing years of his life which were devoted to the many calls and duties entailed by his connection with a large parish.

That Alexander Lourde was held in reverence and respect by all the people of St. Joseph's parish, was amply attested by his numerously attended funeral at which his parishioners, irrespective of age, by their exterior marks of grief, gave evidence of how keenly they felt his loss, and their heart felt prayers were doubtlessly united with those of his bereaved Society, his former students, and friends, that the kind and merciful Lord might grant to His departed servant, eternal rest.

The Rev. Richard K. Wakeham.

The Rev. Richard K. Wakeham, former professor at St. Charles' College, Elicott City, afterwards at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., then at St. Patrick's, San Francisco, Cal., finally at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., died Monday, December 28th, at Loretta Rest on the Hudson, where for

the past two years he had resided owing to a severe illness having rendered him unfit for active duty.

His funeral took place from St. Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y., on the morning of December 31st, 1914, and his burial in his old home at Columbia, Va.

Father Wakeham at the time of his death was in his 68th year, and the thirty-first year of his priesthood, all of which he had spent in the education of youthful aspirants to the ranks of the clergy.

To the many former students of Old St. Charles, to say nothing of those of more recent years that have passed through Dunwoodie, the announcement of Father Wakeham's death in the closing days of the year brought feelings of sadness, even though many a year had passed since leaving his fostering care. In common with many other great and good men who have already passed to their reward, Father Wakeham labored long and faithfully for the formation or moulding the youthful characters that were to be the future glory of the priesthood in our country. We speak of him in connection with his years at St. Charles' where he had received his early training and had returned to devote his life and energies to the development of others.

Graduating from this old time institution in the class of 1876, otherwise known as the Centennial class, he followed the usual courses in Philosophy and Theology in company with his fellow graduates, the late and lamented Charles B. Rex, and the present worthy Superior of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, the Very Rev. F. D. Dyer, S. S. Together they went through their years of solitude at Issy, returning to take up their duties as members of the Congregation of St. Sulpice in the early eighties, Father Wakeham beginning with the lower classes at St. Charles'. American members of this good old society were few in those days, and for some reason not altogether apparent, they are not much more numerous today. Most of Father Wakeham's associates in these early years of his career as teacher, have long since preceded him on that journey whence no traveller returns. And when we cause the loved forms of such men as Fathers Denis, Menu, Viger, Chapuis, Fonteneau, Gilbaud and Judge to pass in review as the associates of Father Wakeham in his life work, and recall their examplary lives, their good advice, their anxiety to select and build up the best materials placed at their disposal, we see wherein we may have every possible assurance for their Eternal welfare. Father Wakeham while equally zealous with the best that St. Charles' had to offer her children, may be said to have sought the same results along other lines of direction; hence while giving an appreciation of his worth, we must remember that he was an American, and a son of an old Virginia family. With the fact

in view we may easily recall that his faith like his national sentiments was of a strong and vigorous kind. Intensely loyal to the cause of the South and interests of his native State, those of us who were privileged to know him during the years shortly following the great civil war were not unfrequently given the opportunity of hearing him discuss the merits of the great struggle in no uncertain terms. It was not his wish to dwell upon anything connected with the late unpleasantness between the States, but he did not hesitate to take up the issue were it forced on him. We remember a certain occasion on which contrary to his expressed will, two of the students delivered sectional selections in the weekly class of elocution.

A fair haired son of South Carolina had declaimed a selection from one of the strong anti-Northern speeches of Calhoun or Hayne. Father Wakeham remained quiet, but we could all see that he was debating within himself just what course to take. But his doubts were all cleared, when the following speaker, a young man from the West came back with the great Webster's famous reply. The matter seemed for the moment to have been prearranged but was afterwards proven to have been purely accidental. This did not however prevent Father Wakeham taking the floor and delivering a stirring address on the merits of the civil war, and closing with the declaration that while he stood and would have fought with the South, he was nevertheless pleased with the result. This was the last time as far as we remember that we were favored with a sectional selection in our elocution class.

In his class work, Father Wakeham always aimed to encourage. The weaker members of his class had only to show good will and industry as well as attention to his explanations; they then invariably found him ready to come to their assistance, and to make that additional effort necessary to place them on a par with their more favored classmates. All his instructions were given along the line of one's honor, and had for their purpose to keep ever and always before the students the best ideal of the priesthood. There was an earnestness in whatever he said that could not but carry conviction in the well disposed.

In those days outdoor life was a great feature in our years at St. Charles. We do not remember that Father Wakeham was much of a devotee of our great National game; his years would have precluded this; but we do recall that he was active in all that tended for the healthful development of student life. He loved to mingle with the boys from New England, just the same as he did with the few that came from the sunny South or the far West. It was his aim to be friendly with all, irrespective of race or section, and to be able to call them by their Christian names. On the long spring holidays, it was his especial delight

to be asked to take a party or class on a walk across the Maryland fields to some chosen spot such as the Jesuit House of Studies at Woodstock, or in the opposite direction through the fertile acres and old time walks of the Charles Carroll estate, to a country home which for some unknown reason, we then called "The Folly" where a bountiful feast had been prepared. With a mind well stored with anecdotes, Father Wakeham did not fail to entertain and keep his party in good cheer while on these tramps beyond the College bounds.

Father Wakeham also endeavored to diversify and extend the means for the healthful enjoyment of the students at St. Charles for it is well to remember that we did not in those days have any mid-term vacations, or many of the relaxations now permitted. Our means of recreation were base ball, hand ball, quoits, croquet, with perhaps a few other small games. We well remember the effort which Father Wakeham made to create an artificial pond or as he called it "Glen Mary Lake" where we might enjoy boating, bathing, and now and then when the Southern winter chanced to be severer than usual a little skating and coasting.

A man of deep faith, his life was always an inspiration to those in the midst of whom he moved. Concerning his faith and piety, one of his old pupils has justly remarked: "Descended of a family which in penal days suffered much for the Church in England, he had about him something of the intrepidity of the martyr. Always he was a confessor of the faith."

In his commentaries on the Epistles and Gospels for the Sundays of the year, one easily notes the unction of the man of faith and piety.

As he was frequently called on to address the student body at St. Charles' we well remember that there was an earnestness, a sincerity in his very make up which seldom failed to carry conviction.

Thus passed our days at St. Charles. Now after the lapse of many years, as we look back to the efforts which Father Wakeham in common with the other devoted members of the community, made to so blend the useful and the recreative, the bitter and the sweet, we feel that Father Wakeham, in union with Fathers Denis, Menu, Viger, Chapuis, Fonteneau, Judge, now all departed, together with Fathers Vuibert, Schrantz and Hough yet with us, realized an ideal not easily equalled, and while we would not or did not always understand him, our final estimate of our dear departed, our old time teacher, is that he always meant well, and for the best, hence at the end of a faithful stewardship, we humbly pray our dear Lord to grant him Eternal rest.

The Most Rev. Patrick William Riordan, D. D.

ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, died at the Episcopal residence, San Francisco, Sunday morning, December 27, 1914, at 4.04 A. M.

Patrick William Riordan, late Archbishop of San Francisco, was a native of Chatham, N. B., where he was born, August 27, 1841. His early education was received at Notre Dame University. He afterwards was sent to Europe where he studied at Paris, Louvain, finally to finish at Rome.

On his return to the United States, he filled for a time the chairs of ecclesiastical history, cannon law, and dogmatic theology in the Seminary of St. Mary-of-the-Lake, Chicago. In 1868 he was assigned to the pastorate of the Catholic congregation of Woodstock, Illinois, remaining here but a short time he was transferred to Joliet, afterwards to St. James' Church, Chicago, where he closed his duties as a parish priest in 1883 when he was appointed bishop of Cabesa, and coadjutor with right of succession to the See of San Francisco. About a year later on the resignation of His Grace Archbishop Alemany, he succeeded him as Archbishop of San Francisco.

During all these years Archbishop Riordan has been of the greatest powers for good on the Pacific coast of our great country, guiding his important archdiocese through sunshine and storm to the glorious destiny which it has already attained.

His life and work has been briefly yet most beautifully summed up by the official organ of the neighboring Diocese of Los Angeles. The Tidings which in a recent issue says:

"The world is surely poorer today by the passing away of this great and good man, who has brilliantly filled his place not only as a prelate of great distinction, but as a citizen who has won for himself the love and respect of all who came within the sphere of his influence. Next year, had he been spared, he would have celebrated his golden jubilee in the priesthood, and he had only lately completed the thirty-first year of his episcopate. Both as priest and Bishop he was among the most active of men, always using the great talents which God had given him to make known the beauty of the Church of God, and the mercies which God has placed so abundantly within the reach of his children."

Gifted with talents of the highest order, he had the privilege of a splendid education which fitted him for the great mission which God had imposed upon him. As priest and Bishop,

through all the years he had been known for his learning and zeal, a perfect master of men, seeking only one aim, that of bringing men to God. The depths of his piety of life and fervor of devotion are best known to those who were privileged to be his close friends. Magnificent in physique, he was also strong in intellect and heart, and was proud of that faith of his race which impelled him to those brilliant achievements and high deeds which form for him the crown of a life devoted to the sacred ministry in which he found true happiness.

His life was passed in an ever active ministry; he never knew what it was to be idle. There was work to be done for God and the people, and the best work that could be done was demanded. His labors were indeed Herculean, and the success which met his efforts showed clearly that the hand of God was on him and the blessing of God rested on all that he did.

From the very beginning his scholarship placed him in the front ranks of the leaders of education, and throughout his life he was identified in a most special manner with the higher education of the American clergy, in Rome, in Louvain, and in Washington. As a trustee of these institutions he was always a tower of strength in the upbuilding of the work and in overcoming the difficulties which are always to be met in labor for educational development.

He was indeed a mighty Bishop, a true leader of men, a lover of the people, a man of God who thought only of the good he could do for the honor of God and the welfare of the people. The world is poorer today by the death of such a man whose loss we cannot fully estimate. But God knows best! His years of patient sufferings are over and like the faithful shepherd he was, he has gone to the Great Master to render an account of his long and successful stewardship. Our prayers follow him. His name is in benediction with us as a prelate in whom we all had just pride. He was our champion who gloried in battling for the rights of God and for his fellowmen, a citizen proud of his country, who gave to it the best that men can give,—a life of fidelity to all the duties toward God and man.

No wonder the clergy and the people loved him, for he was to all a leader and a friend. All classes and creeds unite in paying tribute to his memory. The Church has lost a brilliant defender, the Holy See a most loyal son, the Catholics of America a great Archbishop, and the city of San Francisco and the state of California one of their most public-spirited and devoted citizens."

The Catholic Church in Maine

PENTAGOET.

Whatever may have been the year in which the Capuchins commenced to reside permanently at Pentagoet, must for the present remain undetermined. We believe however that a careful examination of the many documents on file in the archives of the Propaganda will throw much light on their stay within the borders of our State. While the various reports of the Jesuit fathers were always made to their superior and were carefully guarded and treasured by the Society, the Capuchins appear to have made the report of their missionary labors not so much to their superior as to the Propaganda at Rome, where undoubtedly their interesting letters yet remain.

However this may be, the first real testimony of their presence here is given us by Father Druillettes who visited the station of Pentagoet late in the fall of 1646. The Jesuit father had just arrived to take up missionary work among the Indians of the Kennebec where he had probably heard of the little hospice over on the Penobscot. That he should desire to spend a few days of repose with his countrymen was perfectly natural. In the Jesuit Journal Vol. XXXI, 1646-1647, we have preserved for us a brief account of this visit. Having passed from one to another of the "seven or eight English settlements" then scattered along our coast, "the savage, his guide, seeing himself on the shores of the sea of Acadia in his little bark canoe, conducted the Father even to Pentagoet where he found a little home of the Capuchin Fathers who embraced him with the love and charity which may be expected of their goodness. The Rev. Father Ignace of Paris, their superior, gave him all possible welcome. After having refreshed himself some time with these good Fathers, he re-enters his bark boat and returns to the English settlements which he had visited on the way."

The Capuchins were consequently at this date, the end of October or the first of November 1646, well established at Pentagoet. We would wish that Father Druillettes had left us a completer account of his call on the Capuchins on the Penobscot, for they doubtless went over in detail the various events of their years of labor, their sacrifices, etc., hence he could easily have given us the complete history of their sojourn up to that time within the borders of our State.

The next well authenticated fact which we find in connection with these early missionaries came to light in the fall of 1863. Pentagoet was again the scene of warlike activity; another fortification, Fort Madison, was being prepared against possible attacks on the part of France and England then anxious to aid the Southern Confederacy; a highway was being built from the fort to the town road, when one of the laborers, Mr. W. H. Weeks, chanced to uncover what appeared to be an ordinary piece of old copper. As it was found just below the surface, a few paces back from the fort, with nothing remarkable about it, Mr. Weeks laid it aside for the moment: Sometime afterwards having to repair his boat he cut off about one-sixth of the copper plate for this purpose. Close observation, however, led to the discovery that there were figures and letters on the larger section, and as the part attached to the boat had not been mutilated, it was easy to carefully examine the find, with the result that little by little the corrosions of past years being removed, the following old time inscription became plainly visible:

1648.8.IVN.F	1648 June 8, I Friar
Leo. PARISIN.	Leo of Paris
CAPUC. MISS.	Capuchin, Missionary,
POSVI HOC FV*	laid this foun-
NDTM IN HNR-	dation in honor
EM NRAE DMAE	Of our Lady
SANCTAE SPEI.	of Holy Hope.

Dr. John Gilmary Shea in the Historical Magazine of America, Vol. VIII., Sept. 1864, makes the following timely observation of this important discovery: "The members of the order in France generally put Capuchin after the name; in Italy and Germany more frequently Ordinis Minorum Capuccinorum, or the initials, O. M. C.

If the Father was on the missions, he added the, Missionaire. The signature is not then Capuchin Missionary; but Capuchin, Missionary. The title of the Chapel has caused some investigation but not in the most likely fields. The poetic element which the Catholic Church drew from the East has never forsaken her and the Litanies, Offices, Festal and Votive Masses of the Virgin abound in poetic titles, many of great beauty, and in most cases drawn from Scripture. The Sapiential Books are a great storehouse for this purpose, and the words spoken of Wisdom are applied to her who bore Him who was Wisdom Increate.

One of the most familiar of these is the passage "Ego Mater Pulcrae dilectionis et timoris et agnitionis et Sanctae Spei—" I am the Mother of fair love and of fear and of

knowledge and of Holy Hope! Ecclesiasticus xxiv, 18. "In this the reader will see the source of the title 'Our Lady of Holy Hope' given by the Capuchins in 1648 to their convent and chapel at Castine."

For two hundred and seventeen years had the knowledge of this in all probability the first solemn service of Catholic benediction within our State, lain as it were in the obscurity of the grave.

A day in early June, when everything about Penobscot Bay is but little short of charming, we may easily picture the scene of this happy event in all its simplicity. The Acadian Governor, Charles de Menou d'Aulnay de Charnissy, attended by his captains and military cohorts may have been there. The quaint war ships of the period may have been moored off the fort, whilst among them passing to and fro were the myriads of barken canoes bearing their dusky burdens. The Indian Chiefs of the Penobscots and the Kennebecs, their warriors and maidens, may have been in attendance. There one might have seen the adventurous French trader, or perchance the comely and modest Norman maiden. On that day the Capuchin Fathers in their coarse brown, rope girded habits, with their shaven heads, and sandaled feet, may have broken their wonted silence to chant the beautiful and inspiring verse "Ego Mater Pulcrae dilectionis et timoris et agnitionis at Sanctae Spei" as they placed according the Catholic ceremonial the first stone of their convent or chapel on these lovely shores; the peninsula of old Pentagoet may have witnessed many a scene of Barbaric grandeur in the bye gone years, but it may have this day beheld for the first time, the happy unfolding of the Christian liturgy amid our primeval surroundings.

In this our day, the laying of a corner stone might mean the presence of a large assemblage, and a solemn service; may it not have been the same in the case of "Our Lady of Holy Hope" at ancient Pentagoet?

Looking over the ground at Castine today, one finds little difficulty in associating the spot where this copper plate was found in the autumn of 1863 with the site of one of the many Catholic chapels that were here erected. Fort Pentagoet had not then assumed its proportions of later years, in fact it may have been little else save a palisaded trading post, and what was more natural than to go down the peninsula to near the present ruins of old Fort Madison? Here in the open, in full view of the passer by, whether up or down the bay, was found that quiet not possible in the Indian village, or in the traders' fort; here was that prominence of location always sought by the Church; here we believe without doubt was erected the first substantial chapel in our State dedicated for Catholic worship under the beautiful title of "Our Lady of Holy Hope."

After the visit of Father Druillettes to Pentagoet in 1646, this old copper plate is the only mute reminder of Capuchin labors that we have until we meet the letter of Father Cosme de Mante in the Jesuit Relations of 1650 and 1651.

Father Druillettes had hardly returned to Quebec from his first winter on the Kennebec ere the Abenaquois asked for his return. In the Relations July, 1647, we read: "On the third or 4th the Abenaquois ask to speak to me in order to thank me for Father Druillettes' journey and to beg me to allow him to return. But the last people who came from the Abenaquois having brought letters from the Capuchin Fathers who begged us not to return again, I refused them and gave the answer which will be found in a letter which I wrote to the Capuchins."

The letter of the Jesuit Superior to the Capuchins has not been published, hence we are left to surmise the reasons why they did not desire the presence of the Jesuits on the Kennebec. Civil war was at this time in progress between D'Aulnay and La Tour, who had invoked the aid of the English colonies against the forces of his rival. As a consequence, the Governor of Acadia was not specially favorable to the English, hence the coming of Father Druillettes clothed with their apparent good will and favor, necessarily caused suspicions in the mind of the cautious commander at Pentagoet. We believe that the Capuchins were inspired to send the letter requesting the Jesuit not to return more because of reasons of State than any other, and that their real sentiments were always the same as those expressed in their letter of 1648. Father Ignatius of Paris had now left Pentagoet, and Father Cosmas de Mante his successor yielding perhaps to the importunities of the savages as well as to their inability to cover the vast field, wrote the Jesuit Fathers at Quebec requesting their return.

In the Relations for 1650-51 we read: "About the end of August of last year, 1650, two Abnaquois canoes came expressly, on the part of that entire nation to get Father Druillettes who had already instructed them in order that he might continue to render them that charitable service. The Father returned with one of our dominies. To tell the truth this district was not within our jurisdiction, except in so far as zeal compelled us not to abandon people of good will, who were inclined towards the faith but who at that time had no one to instruct them. A letter from a Reverend Capuchin Father, named Father Cosme de Mante, Superior of the Acadian missions of the Reverend Capuchin Fathers dated in the year 1648 greatly encouraged us thereto. The words of the Father were: 'We entreat your Reverences by the sacred love of Jesus and of Mary, for the salvation of these poor souls who beg for you towards the south, etc., to give them that assistance that your courageous and indefatigable charity

can give them; and even if in passing to the river Kinebeque, you meet any of ours, you will do us a favor to express your wants; if you do not meet any, you will continue if you please, your holy instructions to these poor Indians and forsaken ones, as far as your charity will permit'."

Fathers Cosmas de Mante and Gabriel de Joinville had visited Quebec this same year, and while there had paid a visit to Sillery where they were witnesses of the great work being done at this mission by the Jesuit Fathers. The success attending their efforts could not but have had an effect on the two Capuchin fathers, which may account for the sending of this urgent letter to the Jesuit Superior shortly after their return to Acadia.

When Father Druillettes finally returned in 1650 to renew his mission labors on the Kennebec, there is however no evidence that he again visited Pentagoet over which the pall of religious silence again settled. Sieur D'Aulnay, the friend and protector of the Capuchins, died in 1651. During his career, "no other place," says Wiliamson, "was so much af a resort for Catholic Missionaries, as the fortress of D'Aulnay." The marriage between his widow and La Tour took place early in 1653, but as La Tour appears to have been reconciled to the Church prior to his marriage with Madame D'Aulnay there is no evidence that he interfered with the work of the Capuchins either at Pentagoet or Port Royal. Whatever may have been the extent of their labors, their zeal must have been greatly hampered by the long and bitter struggle for mastery in Acadia on the part of D'Aulnay and La Tour, which had hardly terminated ere all the Acadian settlements were captured by the English in 1654. How long the Capuchins remained after this date is uncertain, but the probabilities are that the new masters of Acadia did not look with any great favor on the presence of the Catholic missionaries, and that they consequently soon accelerated their departure. Their stay had probably extended over a period of 15 or 20 years during which we find that the destinies of the Church were furthered as far as circumstances permitted. We have no means of knowing just how many fathers took part in these early efforts in behalf of religion along our coast; we meet frequently however, the names of Fathers Leonard of Chartres, Leo Ignatius of Paris, Cosmas de Mante, Gariel de Joinville, and Bernardine de Crespy. Elzear de St. Floratin who appears to have remained at Fort Pentagoet for ten years or more, where he was noted for his Christian virtues, and knowledge of the Indian language, was probably not a priest.

There seems to be some doubt as to the lot of Father Leonard of Chartres. Shea in his History of the Catholic Church in the United States, Vol 1, p. 237, states that "Father Leon-

ard of Chartres for baptizing a child which, with its mother, was in danger of death, was mortally wounded by an Indian. Before they could reach the hospice with the dying Capuchin, the post was captured by the English, and he was taken to a neighboring island, where he expired. "In Charlevoix's New France Vol. III. p. 134, where speaking of the assault and capture of Port Royal by the English, the author states that, "F. Leonard de Chartres, Vice-Prefect and custos of the Capuchin mission with his fellow religious, were at liberty to remain or to return to France." Father Ignatius of Paris who laid the corner stone of "Our Lady of Holy Hope" at Pentagoet seems to have returned to Paris where he died a few years later.

Thus closed the missionary labors of the Capuchins at Pentagoet. The times were trying, and conditions most unfavorable for the progress of the Church, hence lack of success should be attributed not to the inactivity of the fathers but rather to circumstances over which they had no control.

The spot where Father Leo's Copper Plate was found in 1863 has through the efforts of Mr. Charles W. Noyes, a man deeply interested in the history of Ancient Pentagoet been marked by a simple cross, and while we have no absolute certitude that here stood the chapel or hospice of "Our Lady of Holy Hope" yet as we stand by the cross just back from the ruins of Fort Madison, and view the beautiful scene around about us and look thence into the dim past over two centuries ago, there comes to us as it were in the language of the poet Longfellow "A Gleam of Sunshine."

"This is the place,—stand still, my steed
Let me review the scene
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been!"